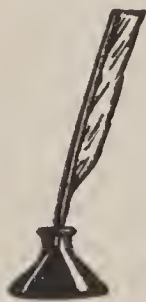


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Numerous Nameless Nothings



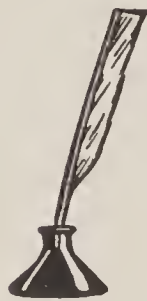
VACUUM I



By EDWARD EMMETT BOWEN



Numerous Nameless Nothings



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No. 1

Oh, happy days of long ago,
How sweet the thoughts which then did flow;
From hopes which nourished, pleasant themes,
And tinted life with tempting dreams
Of fairest love.

Sweet girlhood's bloom and boyhood's blush
Are tints which never dyed a brush.
The spark which makes the eye to flash
Is found alone, beneath youth's lash.
The touch which thrills the heart to throb,
In age, grows chill and brews,—a sob.

So most of life is gone—has fled,
Those hopes and themes are with the dead.
The light which painted fairest gleams
Has grown dark—and now my dreams
Are not—of love.



No. 2

'Tis the dream of the age,
Like the gleam of a hope
Which haunts us through life to the tomb.
Like the flash of a star,
Which flickers through depths
Of a silent and sinister gloom.

'Tis a dream which has sped
With the roll of the years,
And has stepped with each step we have trod.
'Tis a wish we have wished,
The thoughts we have thought,
Which no tongue needs tell to a God.



No. 3

Mayhaps we think new thoughts—new creeds,
But should we try to act new deeds,
We find the old so near in range,
That custom deems it ill to change;
And in the shade of older dreams
We shun the path of newer themes.

Habits formed in Youth, thro' age,
Become the titles to each page
Of life, in age.

No. 4

As long as the waters shall hasten
O'er the slopes to the seas below,
As long as the shadows shall lengthen,
And darken the glistening snow;
As long as the wind shall awaken
The murmurs which sadden the breeze,
As long as the moon rays shall molten
The mist which clings to the trees;
As long as the hoar frost shall heighten
The gleam-gems which brilliant the night,
As long as the dawn beams shall brighten
The last themes of night dreams with light;
So long shall hope live within us,
And from birth to the tomb ever flow,
In unsteady gleam waves before us,
Like the twinkling stars shifting glow.



No. 5

'Tis a day dream of darkness, dispelled,
A glimmering light through a gloom,
A sunbeam which, lingering, is held
In the gloom fog which mantles the tomb.

'Tis a star-thought, which pierces the sky,
A hope-gleam of love, 'neath this gloom,
A heart throb which smothers a sigh
And softens the chill of the tomb.

'Tis a heart ache which, born of a blush,
Now whitens the lips e'er we speak,
The love flash which heightens the flush,
And ties the tongue still, in the cheek.

'Tis the love ray, which beams thro' the eye,
Direct from the heart it does peep;
What need for a tongue to affy
What is written so well on the cheek.

No. 6

Why burden a thought with a tear?
'Twill live just as long in a smile.
Come, bury the tear in a sneer,
And bask in a smile for a while.

Why tickle the eye of a friend,
Who loves to scan hearts in a throb?
The tear causes friendship to blend
With the love, to see friends brew a sob.



No. 7.

'Tis a rose I have handled with care,
A flower which blushed as from joy;
'Tis a rose which once bloomed in the hair,
Of your mamma when I was a boy.

We were lovers, and in love's sweet dream
She promised your mamma to be,
And she gave me this rose as a lien
On the love which she treasured for thee.

'Tis faded and withered with age,
But the love which went with it is green.
I can see thro' the mist of these days
The smile which but lovers have seen.



No. 8.

In your heart is sadness, too;
Today the sun shines briskly through
The mottled leaves of memory's gloom,
Where many a sigh now marks a tomb.

The lights burn blue and cast a shade,
A ghostly gleam, more ghoulish made
By hopes long dead, which rise to smile
At the foolish antics of a child,

Who tried to cage a fleeing joy,
Which sped more nimbly than the boy.

No. 9.

'Tis an untold story, a whim of youth,
The blush of beauty still shades the truth,
While o'er the scar, where this tale's at rest,
Spring tender love sighs to soothe the breast.

'Tis an untold story, a beauty gem,
So set in brilliants—a lover's vim,
With eyes now sparkling and cheeks a-flush,
Love's heart throbs softly, whisper, hush.



No. 10.

A fool and his figure,
A fop and his face,
An imbecile treasure,
How I long for a trace
Of that important feeling,
That leer from the eye,
As he scans the show window
To see self go by,
How he smirks with a silence,
And smiles with a pride,
As he spys his trim figure
Pass on in a glide.

How lovely 'tis then, too,
To have a neat form
And a rose-tinted kisser
Itself is no harm;
'Tis the use of the smacker
That gives us a chill
When the "upper" and "lower"
Bulge out in a bill;
I sometimes imagine
There is need for a pill.



No. 11.

Curly hair, so black, amassing,
O'er chubby cheeks, with eyes a-flashing;
Pearly teeth, through lips of roses
Nooking 'neath most pert of noses.

Ragged pants, with one suspender,
O'er shirt, old, torn, bespattered, limber,
Unstockened limbs, with feet unshod,
Is the little "newsy," kin to God.

No. 12.

'Tis the first snow which tickles the eyelash,
Like feathers which fall from the gods,
While they spread their wings over the sun's
flash,
As he sleeps in the mist of the clouds.

How idly they linger on nose tip,
And deftly they drop o'er the chin,
And softly they rest on the eyebrow,
And drape all the fringe lines within.

How laz'ly they fall from the god wings,
Uncertain as will-o'-the-wisps,
Or the thrills from the thrush, which at dawn
sings,
Or the lover who woos as he lisps.

How frost'ly they cover the rose tint,
And crown it with purest of white;
'Tis the crest of old age—the tomb tint,
The rose bloom must blush its good night.



No. 13.

Two little eyes, once bright, now dim,
With the age fog which clings to the lash,
How lovely those eyes when they in their
“ 'teens”
Waved signals of love through each flash.

Two little ears, now deaf, once keen,
With the beauties of nature which thrills;
How tuneful the tongue which told them the
theme,
Which through them with love the heart
fills.

One little heart, once fast, now slow,
With the unsteady throb of old age;
How briskly it beat when love it first felt,
And the eyeflash illumined love's page.

One little mind, now wrapt in the sleep
Of sweet thoughts of times which have fled
Through the mist of the years which soften
those themes,
They bloom with the rose o'er the dead.

No. 14.

'Tis the touch of high art in a pauper,
A longing for something sublime;
A dream of the joy gleam of heaven,
The smile which is screened from the blind.

Dream on, oh, ye gods, as ye slumber,
Dream the deeds of the days which have
gone;
Deeds are dreams when the deed days are
over;
Then a sob is as sweet as a song.



No. 15.

'Tis very odd my spirit's fled,
To find its God, and I am dead;
Deep under ground I'm buried, too,
No light is found which can come through
This too solid earth.

Neat shelved away 'neath sheltered nook,
No ass need bray nor ply his hoof
To mar the themes, which melt so meek
In the quiet dreams of my lonely sleep,
In this silent berth.

From out my grave the daisies peep,
As if gloom gave them leave to leap,
To view the sun, which shines as bright
As if for one there was no night,
In this lonely cell.

The night birds sing in treetops nigh,
The squirrels spring from nests nearby,
The moon glides through the star-twinked
gloom,
'Neath midnight dew I guard my tomb,
My sullen cell.

Farewell.

No. 16.

There's a sting which, tho' deadly, is soothing;
A prick which, tho' painful, is sweet;

'Tis a lisp which, tho' lutelike, is scandal;
The lie, which so tickles the lips.

'Tis sweet, is this tone in a whisper,
So soft is the "hush" which now
"speaks;"

New painted each cheek is with slander,
The lisp, which so tickles the lips.



No. 17.

'Tis the word, which doth crimson and paint
the pale cheek,

As the maiden in wooing cries hush;

'Tis the tongue, which doth tremble with love
which can't speak,

While the lips press to kiss off the blush.

'Tis the hope which illumines the lover's soft
lisp,

As she leans to receive love's own kiss;

How lovely this hope, which brings to her
faith,

That her love shall embalmed be with bliss.



No. 18.

A dream, dear, of old times, for Ned's sake,
A glance at the gleams of the past;

The sweet themes and sad thoughts, of old
times;

How swiftly the new dreams flit past.

'Tis morning, then noon time, now evening,

And bed time, a time for to rest;

But all times seem good times, when old times,
For old times are always the best.

A dream, dear, an old dream, for Ned's sake,

A throb from the trill of the "thrush;"

This new thrill's an old trill of old times,

A song from the past, which does blush.

No. 19.

Falling leaves in wavering motion seek the
ground;
Gentle typhoons from the ocean circle round;
Dry and withered are the leaves,
Moist and metred is the breeze,
Which now sways the lifeless leaves with rustling sound.

Withered leaves from highest treetops seek
the earth;
Winds which twirl full many flip-flops sough
with mirth;
While the top leaves rustling near
Stoop to find a low leaf's bier,
The pranking winds with freaks most queer
Hurl the low leaves to a star top.



No. 20.

Concealment is an art.
Traits well concealed have made men great.
The unsuspecting tread into the presence of
powers dread,
Which dormant rise, like "Banquo's ghost,"
To chill, perplex, confute.
A smile all soft oft-times enrobes a mean design;
The sweet lisped word shields hidden thought
which would malign.
A demon's rage sometimes, too, hides
In the meeklike motion of the "page."



No. 21.

Life's bubble of bliss has exploded,
The laugh now a cackle has grown,
The youth gleams with age have corroded,
The trill's but a squeak in the gloam.

The medley of myth now is vanished,
Not a sprite can the mind conjure near;
The "fays" for fay food, too, have famished;
How lonesome this leaf when it's sear.

No. 22.

Conceal thy thoughts;
Let not the eye in anger flash;
Let anguish hide beneath its lash,
Nor joy, nor gloom affect its gleam,
For eyes when fused unfold their theme.

Conceal thy dream;
Guard well thy tongue with silent lip,
Lest some unstifled praise doth slip
Of thee or thine which to the wise
Will make thee simple in their eyes.

Unloose thy joy;
Laugh at the world which laughs at thee,
But let thy laugh a true laugh be,
A gurgling sweet note from the brook,
Or a treble trill from thrushes' nook.



No. 23.

'Tis a dream from the haze e'en of love's
dream,
Where the stars seem to twink thro' the mist;
Like eyes dimmed with doubt's gleam
While loved-limned they stare into space—
Love's abyss.

'Tis a light from the sunlight and moonlight,
Just a twilight of daylight soon missed;
When cheeks flushed with love's light are
rose-blushed
From the tingle which thrills when lips kiss.



No. 24.

The themes, dear, we'd like to have linger,
Are the dreams which soon speed away;
The good themes we'd like to remember
Are the dreams which end in a day.

The sad thoughts we would have forgotten
Seem to cling to the mind like a leech,
While the smile gleams thro' day dreams be-
gotten
Fade away like a rose on the beach.

No. 25.

'Tis a love for the friends which have left us,
A sigh for the past with its gleams;
A hope that this love once between us
Still lingers with them in their dreams.

A rustle of wings in the darkness,
A gleam of a ray in the gloom;
A glimpse of the past which o'ercomes us—
'Tis the love which haloes the tomb.



No. 26.

A touch of sadness—just a trace—
To give a tincture to the face,
Of sentiment, unique, sublime,
Which lures a laugh into a whine.

A gleam of goodness—just a glint—
From mingled meanness, which unstint
Of common kindness governs greed,
To steal the shekels through a creed.



No. 27.

If all the tears which well from eyes
Were dropped upon my bier,
They would not drown one sob or sigh
Which I have uttered here.

If all the buds which grow on earth
Were bloomed upon my grave,
They could not tint one thought with mirth
To tinge the joys I crave.

If all the gems which sparkle bright
Were set within my tomb,
They would not shed one ray of light
Which could dispel the gloom.

Then awake, my friend, and to me send
One hope, my heart to cheer;
And when I die,
Clothe not thine eye in sorrow or in tear.

No. 28.

We are absent in thought, love, this evening,
Our dreams are in space, on the wing;
We hear not the tongue throbs around us,
We feel not these thrusts which would sting.

We slumber in true love this evening,
While our thoughts, dear, are speeding thro'
space;
We follow a phantom so charming;
'Tis a smile, dear, a beam from a face.

This smile seems to grow ever sweeter
As we flit thro' the haze of the moon;
While the dew drips, like starlets, grow
brighter,
As they send forth dew gleams from the
tomb.

'Tis a smile worth this whole world, much
dearer;
'Tis the last ray of unselfish love;
It beams through the gloaming, now nearer;
'Tis my mother's sweet smile from above.



No. 29.

Some sweet hour 'neath shady shore,
When life's at ebb we'll muff the oar,
And lift the voice to hymn the praise
Of those we loved in brighter days.

We'll tip the tongue with music sweet,
And mold the tone in measure meet,
To soothe the sighs which zephyrs blow,
To hush the waves at ev'ning's glow.

And while we drift to greater space,
We'll quaff a kiss to seal the race,
And breathe it forth on silent wind,
To comfort those we leave behind.

No. 30.

Sufficient is the day therein,
When every fool shall know his sin;
When every head shall know its heart,
When every tongue shall know its part;
When every eye shall know its friend,
When every thought shall know its end;
When every ear shall know its truth,
When every folly shall know its youth;
When every mind shall know its breadth,
When every love shall know its death;
When every soul shall know its vice,
And every conscience know its price;
When every faith shall know its hell,
And every fancy know its spell.



No. 31.

I love to draw near the cougar,
And watch its bloodshot eye;
I love to stare at the grizzly bear,
And hear the lion cry;
I love to wink at the tiger,
And study his look so wise;
I love to chew with the kangaroo,
And help catch "the monkey's flies."

I love to hear the whippoorwill
Drone its monotonous mournful tune;
I love to twink with the bob-o-link,
And the treble tongued thrush at noon;
I love to hear the oriole
Trill its notes so clear and round;
I love the things the canary sings,
As she rises from the mound.

I love to climb the mountain,
And mount the highest peak,
And drink a sip from the crystal creek,
As it bubbles through torrents leap;
I love to watch the ocean,
As it rolls from shore to shore,
And stranger still I love with a will
The hurricane's awful roar.

No. 32.

One thought of me, blow into space,
And let a photo of my face
On gossamer float in the breeze,
To paint the space between the trees.

One thought of me, a little thought,
Waft with the wind to tint thy dream
With themes long dead and thrown to space,
As old and withered as my face.



No. 33.

Life is but a lingering maze,
A dim outline of mystic haze;
A shadow of the thinnest shade,
A gossamer of guesses made;
A figure of a foolish dream,
A phantom of a tumid theme;
A little rose left to bloom
Within the shadow of the tomb.



No. 34.

'Tis but the shadow of a thought,
A vague, tho' visioned dream,
Which thrills the tongue and teases it,
To tell a moody theme.

This shadow is like gossamer,
Soft swaying with the breeze,
Suspended from an endless chain
Of fancy's own unease.

And now this shadow of a thought,
This rustle of the mind,
Deep stirs the leaves of memory
To form mute words unkind.

But mute they'll be, pray ever mute,
Such thoughts should never bloom;
The thought should never taint the tongue,
Which silent shields the gloom.

No. 35.

The robin's young, of which you've spoken,
Might ease a heart now well nigh broken,
If they could sing the songs of youth,
Which fancy taught before the truth.

But should they sing these new conceptions
To nature false, all foul exceptions
To those I've heard when but a boy,
I must confess I'd not enjoy.

But any insect, sweet tongued or sour,
Which croaked with me the shortest hour
In my old home will prove a treasure,
Which I'll esteem and keep with pleasure.



No. 36.

Simplicity, so soft and mild,
Adopt me as thy nearest child;
Clasp me in thy pure embrace,
That simple words may ever trace
The impress of my mind.

Let thoughts, when weighty and profound,
Be garbed in language plain and sound,
That simple folk ilke I may read
And understand without the need
Of a lexicon sublime.

When I speak, "Oh, Lord of Host,"
Give to me the simple toast,
That those who listen may digest
The truths they love and relish best,
Without distress.

Make me mouth the sane, the pure,
The tender thoughts, which best endure,
The heart throbs, and the sighs of sorrow,
Which maim the memory of tomorrow,
When life is less.

Let my laugh be a true dimple,
A childlike ruse, a roguish rimple,
A heartfelt thrill of pure delight,
An honest burst of joy, too bright
To seal within;

Let it lift the brow of madness,
Let it light the heart of sadness,
Let it cheer to simple mirth
The fool who thinks his thoughts more worth
Than my passing whim.

No. 37.

Come, take a sip,
A little "nip",
Of "nectar" from the vine,
That you and I
Old tunes may try,
Which bubble from the wine.

We'll sing the songs
Which thrilled the throngs
When we were rose-cheeked boys;
The lullabys
Which soothed sighs
Of youths in quest of joys.

We'll lisp the lines
Of olden times,
Old anthems, free from art;
The sweetest key
In melody,
The legends of the heart.

Oh! sweet, sweet dreams
Of moonlit scenes,
Of ragged lads at play;
How sad, yet kind,
To tempt the mind
To joys of other days.



No. 38.

Lisp to me a line of sorrow;
I'll be forty-one tomorrow;
A lonesome line not "ower long,"
A simple sigh, which sweetens song.

Forty years midst fragrant flowers,
Many whiffs of perfumed hours,
Mottled with some shades of grief,
Woven through in "bas relief."

Forty years and one year over,
Thro' the winds which sweep the clover,
And the frosts which age the corn,
Making chill mild Autumn's morn.

Forty years—how time has sped,
Where the path thro' which we tread;
Tinted thoughts of treasured themes,
Interspersed with troubled dreams.

No. 39.

Oh, let us sniff the balmy breeze
Which moves the limbs of tinted trees,
And sip the sighs which kiss the bloom
Of fragrant buds o'er tumid tomb;
Let beech tree blow a blatant blast,
To chill the croaks of oaks outclassed,
And nervous aspen overwhelm
The twittering of the spreading elm;
Let palm tree and the stupid pine
A dirge employ in solemn whine,
That while we breathe the healthful gale
The little leaf may tell its tale;
In mellow tones each tree, each flower,
Shall sough the songs of this sweet hour.



No. 40.

'Tis the last look of the lover,
While he breathes a silent sigh;
'Tis the last spark from eyes grown dark
With the film of death, now nigh.

And as the eyes grow dimmer,
There comes for a little while
The last gleam of a cherished dream,
Which entombs a lover's smile.

For the last dream of the lover
Is embossed upon his brow;
That firm, fond look, the last he took,
Is with him even now.



No. 41.

Linwood Cemetery is so pretty and neat,
And the flowers which grow there so fragrant
and sweet,
And some of the monuments tower so high,
That one feels it almost an honor to die;
But death seems so silent and the earth is so
chilly,
That the gloom is not softened by the bloom
of the lily.

No. 42.

A sweeter smile I ne'er did see
Then Mother's smile when at her knee
 I lisped the truths she taught;
How quickly questions then were poured,
Retentively in memory stored,
 The secrets sought.
This dreary world was then a dream,
And truth more lovely than did seem
 Than true;
Our little prayer together said,
Before retiring to our bed,
 Was new.
Through many years this smile did cheer,
A memory now, at times a tear;
 Adieu.



No. 43.

My destiny is darkness; through it I shine,
The darkest spot, an obvious sign,
Which makes the rest fade into light,
While I remain the densest night.
My intellect, if such be mine,
Has ne'er seen light, not even thine!
And were light cast upon my brain,
I doubt if reason would remain
To stand the "limelume" of its ray,
And scan itself through light of day.
Oh! delightful darkness, shield my soul
From every crevice, crack and hole,
Which may bring light unto my sorrow,
That I may seem to smile tomorrow.



No. 44.

Life is a yeast which leavens
 The particles we call flesh,
And binds them all together
 Into a writhing, moving mesh;
'Tis a secret yet unsounded,
 An analysis never made,
A fluid, nymphs compounded,
 Sleeping 'neath the Deic shade.

No. 45.

Make smooth the brow to crack a quip,
To illustrate the lucid lip,
That rippling mirth may shield the sheen
Which wisdom paints o'er artful spleen.
Let's steal the gloom of sunless dark,
And deck the light with gloomful art,
That none who watch the mingled ray
Can well discern the night from day;
The tongue then wrap in honied phrase,
That those who hear may hear, but praise,
And listening, learn to love the lute,
Which all would hate did it *lie* mute;
And while the eyes in wrinkles sleep,
The saint may sting his victim neat.



No. 46.

The dewdrops are bright
With moon-rays tonight,
While love seems to float through the air;
The cricket's short throb
And the croak of the frog
Makes you feel as if Cupid were near.

The stars seem to blink
With an unsteady wink
At the moon as she glides through the sky;
While the soft, balmy breeze
Enlivens the leaves
With a rustle akin to a sigh.

The owl's "boo-hoo"
Seems bent to renew
A love (now) lost but still mourned;
While the pert katydid
'Midst the dewdrops is hid,
Denying some secret affirmed.

Oh, Sweetheart, won't you
Come out in the dew,
And sit on the old rustic bench;
Let us gaze at the moon,
Ang giggle and spoon,
Until with dew we are drenched.

No. 47.

Oh! Melancholy; thou art sweet
To him whose hope is sear;
No heart so chill that does not beat
To the dripping of a tear;
No hate so fierce, nor love so still,
That suffer not in part,
The sigh which overwhelms the will
And bubbles from the heart.

No eye so dim that cannot trace
The melancholic seam,
The hieroglyphic of the face,
Which tells the troubled theme;
No tongue so tart that cannot speak
A word of solace here;
No sense so dull, nor mind so weak,
That can afford a sneer.



No. 48.

The blizzard breeze has touched the bloom,
And winter's eve chills summer's noon;
The fruit trees, robed in blossoms sweet,
Are sinking fast 'neath snow and sleet;
Their frozen fragrance oozing through,
Chrisms the leaves with perfumed dew,
While ice-clad boughs swift swaying mourn
Soft summer's flight and winter's turn.
The rosebud, "born to blush unseen,"
Shall now ne'er blush 'twixt leaves of green,
With all its folds and petals froze,
'Twill illy earn the name of rose.
The lily's stalks with bloom so white
Has changed to blue within the night;
The aspen leaves now rustle loud,
As if fault finding with the cloud,
Which shed the sheet of chilling snow,
To make the wind a blizzard blow;
The weeping willow, weeping, wilts,
While all its tears are icy kilts;
The lilac's breath of iced perfume
Is the oasis in the gloom.

No. 49.

A ray of love-shine
 'Neath a lash of gold.
A love-thought,
 Crystal-eyes-ed.
A burst of love-beams
 From out eyelids fold,
A love-wave
 Signal-eyes-ed.

A little flutter
 From a throbbing heart,
A love-glance
 Recogn-eyes-ed.
A little pucker
 Of sweet lips which part,
A love-kiss
 Magnet-eyes-ed.



No. 50.

Sweet is the tongue
When praise is sung,
 Most precious balm of hope;
Sweet tinkling sound,
What joy is found
 In every honeyed note.

Love's sun has made
Dark envy's shade,
 To chill the circling wind
Of soft sighed lisps,
Sweet "will o' wisps"
 Of love and hope entwined.

The perfumed sigh,
And lute-toned lie,
 Which hypnotize the heart,
The rainbow beams
Which tint the scenes
 Of hate, o'ercome by art.

At even' time,
When soul doth pine,
 The voice is hushed in praise;
A silent song
Of thoughts now throng,
 The tongue has ceased its lays.

No. 51.

In the ancient church-yard, where the fathers
lie,
And the old stones, moss-grown, awry stand,
Do any new dreams tint the sky,
Or can an old one faith command?

On a weathered tombstone is writ a name,
To praises given, oft spoke aloud;
Is this man's portion a lisp of fame,
Oh has his fancy outgrown his shroud?

In the near-by chapel a nook of prayer,
Where these fathers chanted sacred psalm,
Can any couplet they intoned there
A hope recover or love embalm?

From this quiet church-yard, o'ergrown with
weeds,
Where graves once mounded are sunk with
age,
What tongue can tell us which spirit leads,
Or which has filled best Life's little page?



No. 52.

Steal a sigh from the soft-soughed zephyr,
A blush from the beauty rose;
A tear from the moon-dyed dewdrop,
A smile from the sun-kissed snows;
A throb from the trembling ocean,
A trill from the trebbling thrush,
A song from the full-not'd robin,
A sob from a mother's hush;
A thought from the silent sages,
A hope from the lily's bloom,
A faith from the fog of ages,
A love from the tempter's tomb.

No. 53.

The old violin still hangs on the wall;
Its strings are all tangled and broken;
'Tis full fifteen years since I tried to recall
The many sweet notes it had spoken.

This dearest old friend, how sweet was its tone,
When pressed by a hand which was true;
It could outdo all beau with the wave of its
wand,
When it whispered its love notes to you.

How oft in the night, when no one was near
me,
Did I take down my friend from its nail on
the wall,
And touch the soft chords of the old songs—
oh, dear me,
The sweet sighs from old songs are sweetest
of all.

And then with a tremor as soft as a zephyr,
Sleep balming a love-sob filled with thrills
to the brim,
It would play to "yours truly" the sweet
tunes of old times,
As I fondled the neck of my old violin.



No. 54.

Sweetest psalms to you I'll sing,
Sweeter than the balms of spring,
Sweeter than the Autumn breeze,
When it stirs the golden leaves;
Sweeter than the new-mown hay,
Which passes thro' the summer day;
Sweeter than the lilac's bloom,
Wafting incense to the moon;
Sweeter than the scented sighs
Which roses shed unto the skies;
Sweeter than the mignonette,
When with dew its bud is wet;
Sweeter than forget-me-nots,
Making fresh, forgotten spots;
Sweeter than the sob of pain
Which calls to God the soul again.

No. 55.

I love to watch the moon glide thro' the opal
 skies,
 And see the fleecy clouds flit thro' the air;
I love to sit and watch the stars "blink eyes,"
 As their little twinkles twink, without a
 care.

I love to hear the owl "too who" its cry,
 And listen to the hound "set up" its whine;
I love to hear the "katydid" deny,
 And then admit in each alternate rhyme.

I love to hear the whippoorwill grow sad,
 And revel with the frogs in gloom;
I love to dream that spectres raise the slabs
 And dance with weird grace upon their
 tomb.



No. 56.

Fairies flit around my head,
 And peep into my eye,
And pour into my dull, dull ear
 A fairy's lullaby,
 To waft the wight,
 And "wee sma'" sprite,
 To dreams which know no sigh.

Fancy primed with fairy lore
 Inspire their tongue and brain
With words so soft, none sweeter could
 Be metered to a strain;
 Like music soft,
 Which angels oft
 Attune the Deic pæan.

Sweet contentment hovers near,
 The mind with music mulled;
The notes which tempt the sweetest chord
 Shall never—ne'er be dulled;
 The finest trill
 Shall always fill
 The babe which needs be lulled.

No. 57.

I know sweet songs I cannot sing,
My tongue no trill nor tune will bring;
The sense of sound in me seems numb,
But God, they say, construes the dumb.

I hope He will embalm my tongue,
That sweet-fumed sighs may rise therefrom,
And fill the groves with blossomed breeze,
To solace those not yet at ease.



No. 58.

'Tis a faith which has faded and fled,
'Tis a hope which causes a pang,
'Tis a love which clings to the dead,
'Tis a tongue which treasures a fang.

'Tis a bud which rots in the bloom,
'Tis a breeze which stifles the breath,
'Tis a thought which deepens the gloom,
'Tis a joy which nestles in death.

'Tis the throb which troubles the heart,
'Tis the frown which startles the tear,
'Tis the sob which springs not from art,
'Tis the sigh which is born of a tear.

'Tis the smile which saddens the face,
'Tis the laugh which madness betrays,
'Tis the light which darkens the space,
'Tis the hate which kills yesterdays.



No. 59.

My eye was misted with a tear,
Which dropped upon a grave;
A sob broke softly on my ear,
Which bade me to be brave;
A little hand took hold of mine,
And gently led the way;
I stooped and kissed two little lips
Which said, "Papa, love alway."

No. 60.

Fill my jaws,
Oh, Santa Claus,
With drips of perfumed dew,
That I may spit
From out my lip
Diamonds of brilliant hue.

Tune my tongue,
That words may come
Which charm, and soothe, and please;
And let each note
From out my throat
Bring happiness and ease.

Fill my eyes
With richest dyes,
That they with fire may glisten;
And let them learn
With truth to burn,
That those who see may listen.

Fill my ear
With best of cheer,
That my thoughts may be of pleasure;
Let angels sing
And anthems ring,
To store my brain with treasure
Of Sweetest Song.



No. 61.

When I am ages dead,
Please stand me on my head,
And plant me upside down.
Perhaps, who knows,
My brains may grow,
And wit, as well as wisdom show,
And sprout within my feet;
And should it come to pass
That my hair should "grow to grass,"
And brains should bloom between my toes,
Propriety shall ne'er be stung,
My thoughtful toes, without a tongue,
Shall be faultless with the critics of my class.

No. 62.

A sweet-tongued linnet
Mellows this minute
With an old familiar tune.

Memories of the past
Fall on me fast,
Like forms in a hazy moon.

Comrades now dead,
And faces fled,
Appear and take their part,

Of laughing boys
In capering joys,
Without the aid of art.

How lovely the scene,
As it bobs between
The present and long ago.

And how I long
To keep the song,
And the present overthrow.



No. 63.

In a shady little spot
Lies a chubby little tot,
Laid to sleep while life was but a dream.

O'er the lonely rose-clad mound
Breathes a sad tho' sweeter sound;
'Tis the brook which babbles 'tween the
trees.

'Midst the clover scattered here
Are sweet vines which linger near,
To embalm the rustle of the leaf;

And upon the little stone
Moss and ivy, mixed, have grown,
To make the memory sweeter for those years

No. 64.

Drifting down the Mississippi,
Floating on the rippling wave,
Rising on each swell so pretty,
While zephyrs little kisses crave,
Rocking on the gurgling river,
Gazing at the silvery sheen,
Paddling and musing, ever
Dreaming o'er the moonlit scene;
Sighting a boat in the distance,
Enjoying the swish of the wheel;
Tumbling o'er waves of resistance,
Which roll from its spray-lit keel;
Measuring the fogs on the hilltops,
Thro' the mist of the moon as she glides,
Gathering haze from the tree tops,
As she dodges thro' clouds which divide;
Listening to the toot of the whistle,
As the steamer plows thro' the waves,
Caressing bubbles as they bristle
The foam of the surf where she laves.
Looking on the lights of the city,
Looming like a patch of fallen sky,
Twinkling like stars, near and nifty,
So lovely that "wonderland" seems nigh;
Drifting down the Mississippi,
Floating on the rippling wave,
Rising on each swell so pretty,
While zephyrs little kisses crave.



No. 65.

A fleery rope,
Wrought of hopeless hope,
Trails fancy's ship "Relief";
A faithless gleam
Of a mirage sheen
On seething seas of grief.

A gurgling gasp,
An attempt to grasp
This gauzy phantom thread,
And then a gloom
New paints the tomb;
Alas! All hope is dead.

No. 66.

Goodbye, my friend, I knew thee well,
And loved thee, too, most dear;
But strife has crossed our threshold old,
And love has grown sear;
This yellow leaf (which once so green)
Now crackles with the wind;
And every breeze which blows nowhere
Does twirl it so unkind.
I'd love to bind the fragments of
This leaf of love so rare;
But I suppose this can't be done;
'Twill crumble in the air.



No. 67.

The last rose
Was about to close
Its petals of perfumed breath,
When the humming bird
In "hums" was heard
To grieve for the rose's death.

The violets blue,
And pansies, too,
Had long since dropt to rest,
While the jessamine
And the climbing vine
Laid bare the robin's nest.

The sunflower,
From its stately tower,
Sowed its seeds in Mother Earth,
And all the "blooms"
Drew near their tombs,
To dream of a fragrant birth;

When a little lass
Came tripping past,
And the drooping rose discerned,
And in innocence sweet
The rose she eat;
And the humming bird still mourns.

No. 68.

'Tis only a thought of olden times
Which bubbles thro' my brain,
One of those little foolish freaks
Which always will remain.

To call me back to boyhood themes,
Sweet pranks of long ago,
Some artless trick of budding years,
Those years which came so slow.

And while I trod thro' middle age,
The sun now bursts between
The gloomful clouds of darker days,
With this cherished childhood scene.

If there's a heaven I know 'twill be
Made up of boyhood pranks;
If it be older, and they ask me in,
I'll proffer 'gretful thanks.



No. 69.

A little smile to tint our tears,
A little hope to tinge our fears,
A little love to lull our hate,
A little faith to soften Death.



No. 70.

Didst ever have a spook
Come to thy mind's eye
When thou wouldst sleep,
And sit upon thy stomach,
To regulate thy wind
That none may go to waste
In speech?
'Tis not an angel's face,
And yet not quite of earth—
Something between the two,
Which neither wants,
And which comes
To spend his humor
In thy fright.

No. 71.

A memory rude disturbs my mind,
A recollection most unkind;
Unhappy dreams of misty years,
More misty, too, when seen thro' tears.
Why should torture live in thought,
To rouse an anguish best forgot;
Or why the eye unfold a scene,
Or tongue repeat a torpid theme?
Memory, this whiff of air,
Blows and eddies everywhere,
And carries with it gleams of gloom,
Which tint the thoughts unto the tomb.



No. 72.

'Tis strange so foul a face should fill my mind;
It comes through tortures of the wind;
With every sob of every sigh
It parts the moan to peep there through;
While on the crest of every swoon
It mocks the madness of the moon,
Which flitting through the mottle space
Seems overanxious to outrace
A countenance so foul and fleet
That hell itself would dread to meet.
This awful face, almost Divine,
In awful awe keeps perfect time
With all the fancies of my fright,
Which droop my spirits through the night;
When weird spectres bloat my brain,
This tempting devil leads the train,
And wings my senses through the air,
To list to winds of wild despair;
And while I float through boundless space,
I hear the anguish of my race;
No laugh is heard up here on high;
The laugh is smothered in the cry.
No tongue of humor here does speak;
The "wit" is drownéd in the shriek;
No pleasant thought, nor good, nor kind,
Naught but wails come with the wind.
And while I bow my head to pray,
This awful face my motives stay;
While spirits circle 'round to tell,
"You must not pray, 'twill mar the yell."

No. 73.

Dreaming of the days that are dead,
Thinking of the minutes that are mourned,
Feeling for the faces that are fled,
Thro' the vista of the visions that are urned.
Listening to the lullabies of the past,
Musing on the melodies now flown,
Reveling on reveries which cast
A hallow 'round a happy little home.
Spying on the spooks as they speed
Through a mind now mellowed with the
mood
Of brooding over fancies that can breed
The lisplings of the loved ones now so nude.
Treasuring the trifles of sweet youth,
Yearning for the wisdom of the sage,
Tempering the thoughts of early truth
With the sentiments which stifle middle age.
Treading upon the thorns of fading years,
Sipping the sighs of many sweets,
Bathing silent sorrows with soft tears,
As sadness dons the smile which sorrow
greet.
Sighing for the souging of the winds,
As the myriad leaves are moved in twitter-
ing glee,
Tenting the train of many themes
Which camp within the shadow of a tree;
Lonesome for the love of other times,
Fretful of the fate of coming years,
Watchful of the weather and its signs,
The hurricanes of happiness and fears.



No. 74.

A little streak of sunshine,
A shadow of brighter shade,
Cast on the sea of darkness,
To tempt our fears to fade.

A little breeze of brightness,
A ripple of moving light,
A tiny speck of calmness,
Beckoning thro' the night.

No. 75.

Into the realm of eternal day
A dear good friend has passed away.
Into the light which knows no gloam,
Into that love where hope's at home.

Out from the mist of another sphere
A gentle hand bright tints a tear,
and paints a hope of an earthly sigh
With dreams which delight an angel's eye.

Into a life of eternal morn,
Into a dream where grief's unborn;
Into a hope which knows no gloom,
Into a love which tints his tomb.

From out the flesh he has heard the call;
Into eternity's dream of all
His soul has sped, his spirit's gone;
He is not dead, but has passed on.



No. 76.

Oh, me! Oh, my! What little wit
The brains of some poor devils fit;
'Tis not in heart, nor yet in tongue,
To steal the sighs of anyone,
Who deems a joy a serious sin,
Or kills a smile to keep within
The "Holy Spirit," which should have fled,
If a laugh had echoed through the head.
But, then, poor heart, what fund of grief
Must press thee now for thy relief.
In this sad world when sorrow's sought,
Success should shadow every thought;
A laugh should be composed of sighs,
Like unto when the "spirit" dies.



No. 77.

A delicious laugh, so full of vim,
Bubbled through her and splashed on him;
It touched him first with a sickly smile,
And creeping inward broke his bile;
Then all his features grew contort,
His nose inflated with a snort,
His mouth expanded to a grin;
'Twas not a laugh, nor yet a sin.

No. 78.

I saw a piece in the paper
Which Rudyard Kipling writ;
And it was so awfully funny,
I laughed myself int' a fit.

'Twas labeled the legend of evil,
And partook of a monkey parade,
With their tails linked "a la affection,"
Before into men they decade.

I thought on't, and the thought it bore me
Was the difference between us now,
Betwixt the "monk" in the branches
And the "guy" a-holding the plow.

The monkey that mopes as he muses,
And the "fellah" who muses to mope;
The "on" whom the "loidy" refuses,
And the "lad" she permits to have hope.

The prude who prays in the pulpit,
The dude who dreams in the pew,
The fop whom you think is a "shyster,"
And the fool who thinks likewise of you.

The lawyer who thinks himself witty,
And the dentist who takes no offence
In cleaning the teeth of the pretty
Or filling the fangs of a "wench."

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
As I "feel" where my tail use to be,
And "think" of the loss which "confronts
me,"
When I find myself "up a tree."



No. 79.

When life its sweetness shall have spent,
And age with sorrows shall be bent,
Look not unkindly on the smile
Which comes to linger for a while
In the lonesome lines of a wrinkled face,
And seems to sneer with awkward grace
At life, its problems and its goal,
The body has wearied of the SOUL.

No. 80.

I often ask
This foolish mask
To laugh when I am pleased;
But whene'er I've tried
I've almost died,
And instead of laugh I've sneezed.

'Tis a disgrace
To have a face
So sour and hard to rule;
For when you pucker
Your lower and upper,
You look like a "durned" old fool.



No. 81.

Oh! Friend of mine,
There'll come a time
When you and I
Shall have to die.
If mine comes first,
Don't feel the worst;
Just take my hand,
And by me stand,
To cheer me past
The dreary task;
Then speak of earth
In tones of mirth,
But do not tell
The tales of hell.
Don't say, "Good-bye,"
With tearful eye,
But press the hand—
I'll understand;
And when I'm dead,
Say, "So long, Ed."
Then close my eyes
To break the ties
Which terror brings to death.
And prepare to burn,
But not to mourn,
My body, not my breath.
When this is done,

No. 81—*Continued*

Return to fun;
The race is run,
And death has won.
Forget the shade
My body made;
Forget the arm
Which did no harm;
Forget the finger
Which oft did linger
Around the face,
Its lines to trace;
Forget the feet,
Which, ever fleet,
Pursued the path
To find a laugh;
Forget the hills,
As well the ills
Which made you prize
The exercise;
Forget the tongue,
Which oft did run
To tales of fun,
And the lies it spun;
Forget the mind,
Which oft inclined
To foolish thought,
Which ne'er had wrought
One moment's good
To sage or dude;
Forget the smiles
Which thro' your wiles
Became a grin,
To laugh within;
Forget, oh, Friend,
The thoughts which tend
To trend the end;
'Twill do nae good
To mood or brood.



No. 82.

Friend, forgive me when I sigh,
And turn my eyes unto the sky;
'Tis now a custom which obtains
'Mong melodists and men of brains;
The look is but a lonesome lull
For what is lacking in the skull.

No. 83.

Oh, wonderful eyes of blue,
Like a comet peeping through,
Darting brilliant rays,
Dispelling gloom of days,
And seasoning all our ways
With gleams of brilliant hue.

Didst ever see them shine
Like pearls in a sacred shrine,
Like the sheen of the moonlight beam,
With the mist of the dew between;
While the rose and the jessamine
Around the cheeks entwine?

And suffuse the whole with pink,
Right up to the very brink
Of those springs of ocean blue,
While they wink and blink at you;
Oh, wonderful eyes of blue,
Like a comet coming through.



No. 84.

A foolish, foolish, foolish tear
Oozed from my eye into my ear,
Whilst I lay wrapped in silly sleep;
'Twas surely silly, else why weep?

This tear so small a message brought,
Filled with fright and foolish thought,
A fitful throbbing, taunting theme,
The remnants of a ranting dream.

And while I slept, and slept, and cried,
The thought came to me that I died;
And being dead, I tried to mourn
The fact that I had e'er been born.

And thus it was, this tear so simple
Coursed my cheek within a wrinkle,
And dropped into my drowsy ear,
And filled it with a fad so queer.

No. 85

Five hundred thousand years ago tomorrow,
I never thought that I would ever be
Five hundred thousand trillion ticks of sorrow,
And then, praise God, who knows, I may be free;
But if perchance I should continue weeping,
And sweat in spirit through endless aeons of time,
What "saw" shall say "thou art not dead but sleeping,"
And prove it from my casket filled with slime.
I know full well the faith which comes through fearing,
Much better still the hope which springs from love,
I fain would gild the grief which comes through peering
Beyond these portals into space above.
But as the sun which sets behind the mountain
Crimsons the crest with rays of brilliant hue,
And then dips deeper into sullen darkness,
And leaves the earth to gleams of glimmering dew;
So life, the body quits with quiet calmness,
And leaves no tread-worn way to trace the gloom,
Naught but the lingering look we shield with fondness,
Remains to feed the hope which tints the tomb.
I would that all of life were fixed eternal,
That death should prove a happy dream,
That faith could find a well-trenched path supernal,
To guide us to a grand celestial scene;
Then to our friends (without one sigh of sorrow),
We'd say farewell, and bid them better speed,
And tell them, too, to meet us on tomorrow,
And bring us where they, then, could truly lead.

No. 86.

I'll twine my thoughts with tendrils
Of tenderest tints of time,
And label them Love's sweet longings,
Of a life now past its prime.
I'll seal them within a brain-cell,
Where no one shall e'er peep,
And tie the tongue forever,
That love may never speak;
I'll dim the eyes now sparkling,
With sorrows soft and sear,
And shrivel the pulpy tear ducts,
That none may waste in tear.



No. 87.

Oh, had I power to blow in space,
And form from breath a perfect face,
I'd breathe into each balmy breeze
Of sun-kissed winds midst gold-leaved trees,
And perch on these on every bough
A face to soothe each troubled brow.

I'd solace youth and comfort age,
Content the king, make glad the page,
Delight the rich, o'erjoy the poor,
By painting each a love secure;
The rose-tinged winds I'd weave together,
And form the face of each one's mother.



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